

Christmas

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clashing of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
With glad jubilation
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!
Sing the bridal of nations, with chorals of love,
Sing out the war culture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations;
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!
Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease.
Sing of glory to God, peace to men of good will!
Hark, joining in chorus,
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
And speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

—John Greenleaf Whitier.

And the Postman Passed the House

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

IT WAS Christmas morning. Old Hiram Palmer sat by the window waiting for the postman. Christmas eve had been rather bleak. He had seen, from the window, groups of people passing from time to time, hurrying, smiling, such gay, happy people.

Hiram was old, too old. He had outlived his friends, his immediate family, his day had long since gone by. He had given generously to hospitals and charitable institutions and a number of personal presents. He always, for example, sent some of the large baskets of fruit the town's leading shop arranged so attractively, to those he knew would never buy themselves such delicacies.

The last Christmas he had only received two presents. One from his nephew out West and another from a grandchild.

He was waiting for these now.

The postman came along the street. Eagerly old Hiram waited. And then he got up and went to the door.

But the postman had passed by. "Are you sure you have nothing for me?" he called out. "Look more carefully. I was expecting some packages."

The postman looked again. "I'm sorry, Mr. Palmer, but there is nothing here."

Slowly Hiram went back into the lonely little house. He had lived too long. For his nephew had said:

"I guess I won't bother about Uncle Hiram this year. It's a nuisance to shop, and anyway what does he care about a necktie? He can buy all he wants."

And his grandchild had said:

"I've got to cut down my Christmas list. It's so long."

And she had run her pencil through her grandfather's name.

For she had said:

"Christmas is for young people. He's too old to care about presents and a handkerchief or two which I might send him!"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"THE best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to a mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity."—F. M. Baileys.

Ironing Board Cover.

Cut and hem a piece of unbleached muslin, about four inches wider and longer than your ironing board, so that it laps over about two inches under the board. Then crochet an edge of six chain and fasten, and so on until you have edged the entire piece. Lay the cloth on the board, turn over and lace it with a stout cord or tape, the same as you would lace a shoe—using, however, only about every fourth loop. The cover can be easily removed and washed.

Unappreciated.

A man once acted as a peacemaker between a friend and his wife, and just to show how little they cared, neither of them attended his funeral. —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

EVERY year when Christmas comes round ma goes up in our attic, digs around among boxes, broken furniture and old clothes that have accumulated there and produces the dusty red and green Christmas wreaths of last year; jolly good Christmas odors issue from the kitchen; Sallie and Mae come in from the crisp winter evening air, mulling tissue paper packages under their arms and speaking in mysterious whispers; little Jack and Peg and I are taken over town, excited and happy, to see old Santa enthroned in a case of cotton batting snowy on the second floor of the big store.

Then comes Christmas morning with its surprises and its beautifully trimmed tree. The height of the day's happiness is reached when Uncle Ben and Aunt Molly arrive with their children, rosy cheeked and rosy nosed, too, from the effects of King Winter's slip. After all pa's and ma's folks are there, the house is just one lump of good cheer. The day slips by and evening comes. The part that is always the most pleasing to me is when we gather about the fire and Sallie, seated at the piano, plays the Christmas hymns and all the children sing them, grandfather joining in the chorus in his cracked old voice.

Thus it was. But last year it was different for me. Ma got the wreaths as usual; the same good odors came from the kitchen; the crinkling of Sallie and Mae's packages could be heard, same as ever; we were taken over town to see—but here's where the sad part comes in. How heavy my heart was as I tramped on our way to see old Nick with Peg next to me, her little hand holding tight on mine. And when I thought of her joy when she should see Santa, I felt so old, so experienced.

All Christmas day I went around in a dream from the first thing in the morning until I was tucked in bed that night. All day there was envy in my heart toward all the children from little hisping Jack to seven-year-old Peg, because my day had lost its joy for me, on account of the fact—oh, killer of joy—I no longer believed in Santa Claus.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CLASS AND CASTE FORGOTTEN

Christmas Season Is One Period of the Year When All People Are Equal.

THIS is the season of equality, the one brief period of the year when the Christianized world momentarily forgets class and caste. Rich and poor, great and lowly, good and bad, today stand more nearly on a footing of equality than they have stood since the last Yuletide, or than they will stand for another year.

For this is the Christmas season and Christmas belongs to the child, and untutored childhood knows no caste. It is only from grown-ups that the little ones learn false standards of social place.

In every human heart that is not calloused to all joy or sorrow, or dead to the finest emotions of manhood and womanhood, there is enshrined some child, either dead or living—for childhood is the universal emotion of the soul.

For this brief season, then, let childhood take our guarded hand of sophistry and beguile us by the finger back to a fleeting glimpse of that lost land of equality we once knew and can know only once.

First Christmas Tree

WHEN Ansgarius preached the White Christ to the vikings of the North, so runs the legend of the Christmas tree, the Lord sent his three messengers, Faith, Hope, and Love, to help light the first tree. Seeking one that should be high as hope, wide as love, and that bore the sign of the cross on every bough, they chose the balsam fir, which best of all the trees in the forest met the requirements. Perhaps that is a good reason why there clings about the Christmas tree in my old home that which has preserved it from being swept along in the flood of senseless luxury that has swamped so many things in our money-mad day. At least so it was then. Every time I see a tree studded with electric lights, garlands of tinsel gold festooning every branch, and hung with the hundred costly knickknacks the storekeepers invent year by year "to make trade," until the tree itself disappears entirely under its burden. I have a feeling that a fraud has been practiced on the kindly spirit of Yule.

Wax candles are the only real thing for a Christmas tree, candles of wax that mingle their perfume with that of the burning fir, not the by-product of some coal-oil or other abomination. What if the boughs do catch fire? They can be watched, and too many candles are tawdry, anyhow. Also, red apples, oranges and old-fashioned cornucopias made of colored paper, and made at home, look a hundred times better and fitter in the green; and so do drums and toy trumpets and wail-horns, and a rocking horse that need not have cost forty dollars.

Washing Windows.

If windows are washed when the sun is shining on them they dry before there is time to polish them, and look streaky. Always dust windows before washing them. Add a little ammonia to the water to make the glass shine and polish well.

Read the last page.

Did Somebody Call Me?



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Kettle Roasts lb. 12c-15c	Genuine Spring Lamb—
Round Steak lb. 22c	Chops lb. 35c
Hamburger Steak lb. 14c	Roasts lb. 25c
Pork Steak, lb. 14c	Stews lb. 15c
Pork chops, lb. 9c	Lake trout, lb. 23c
Pork in pickle, lb. 10c-15c	Herring, lb. 10c
Pork Sausage (home made) 15c	Cheese, full cream, lb. 24c
Bacon, sugar-cured, lean, lb 25c	Kansas Bread flour, best quality short patent per bbl. \$8.00
Smoked ham, half or whole, 10 lb lots 12c	per sack \$1.05
Lard, home rendered, 5 and 10 lb. 25c	5 lb. sack Prepared Pancake Flour 30c
Smoke ham butts, 4-5 lbs, lb 15c	5 lbs. Granulated Meal 15c
Veal for stewing, good quality lb. 13c-18c	Ginger Snaps, 2 lbs. 25c
Veal chops, lb. 25c-30c	Butter crackers, best quality in box lots 12 1/2c
Fowls and Spring Chickens fresh dressed lb. 28c	Macaroni 3 lbs. 27c
	Sugar, per cwt. \$6.25

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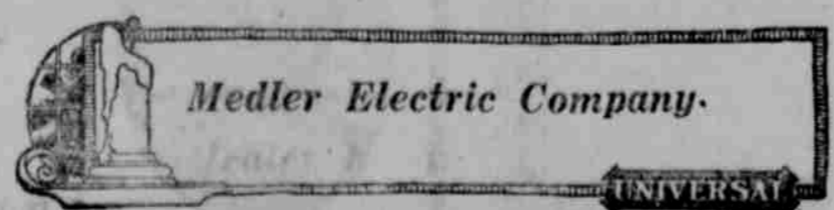
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